

**Which of The  
Three is True?**

**"MANNERS MAKES THE MAN,"**  
**"MIND MAKES THE MAN,"**  
**"HOME MAKES THE MAN,"**

and if you decide that "Home makes the man," let us help you make the home. Our house furnishings are helpers to happy homes. Our goods

price you expect to pay. Christmas is at hand and it should be your good judgment that leads you to give as a Christmas present, something that will adorn your home—make it brighter and more cheerful. Take a peep at my handsome line of

## Bed-room Suites...

In Bird's-Eye Maple, Mahogany, Golden and Antique Oak...

- Beautiful Brass and Folding Beds.
- Elegant Sideboards.
- Extension and Center Tables.
- Child Dressers, Chiffers.
- Parlor Cabinet Book Cases.
- Hat Racks, Etc., Etc.

There is also on display in my store the most elegant display of Morris Chairs ever brought to Richmond.

My selection of Rocking Chairs and Miquelette, Boscobel, and Ximistingir chairs, are

A handsome line of Couches in Velvet and Corduroy, just received from the city.  
Clothes Hampers, Scrap and Work Baskets,  
Smyrna and Wilton Rugs are also attractive additions to our business.  
If you are a lover of beauty it will pay you to call and my line of Framed Pictures, Medallions, &c. We also make a specialty of framing pictures.

**Undertaking.**

Our line is full and complete, and in charge of Mr. M. G. Brown, a graduate embalmer and funeral director. It will pay you to call on me before purchasing your Christmas presents.

**S. NEVILLE MOBERLEY,**

ADVANCE ADVERTISEMENT

63 NIGHT PHONE 23-18

**Advance Advertisement!**

WATCH THIS EVERY WEEK...Next week  
2:30 FOR MONDAY ONLY—Ladies' Floor-  
lined Hose worth 20cts for 10cts; Good Machine  
Thread, 200 yards spool for 2c.; 12 yds Torsion  
Lace for 3c.; Bargains in Ladies' and Gent's  
Underwear and Hosiery.

**The Maine Commission Co.**

Dry Goods, Notions and other articles. Re-  
member the name when in doubt.

**THOS. MEIGHEN, Manager.**

COR. MAIN AND CHEAPSIDE. (nos 25-17) RICHMOND, V.Y.

**L. E. LANE,**  
JEWELER & OPTICIAN.  
2ND STREET, RICHMOND, KY.

GO TO

**White & Gibson's Store**

FOR

Dress Goods.      Dress Trimmings.

For all the new and up to date Dress Goods      The plain Dress Goods of this season

come, Rhinines, etc.,  
 come to us. We can  
 please you in style and  
 price.  
**Jackets, Collars & Collarettes.**  
 A new line of Ladies' taylor made Jackets, latest cut and colorings, also a special lot of collarettes, direct from the manufacturer. Saves money by buying from us.  
**SILKS / SILKS /**  
 Nowhere else will you find more silks than here. We have all the new Taffetas in Tails, Stripes, Glazes, crests and prints - all are bought here.  
 We are also Agents for  
 Bullerwick's Patterns.

# White -&- Gray.

MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, KY.












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# RICHMOND CLIMAX.



CHRISTMAS COMES, BUT ONCE A YEAR



SO LET'S BE MERRY WHILE IT'S HERE





# Rich Stores to Draw From.

The public is cordially invited to visit my store and examine the stock of incomparable line of HOLIDAY GOODS. Never has there been displayed in this city a more complete line. A Christmas present that will be appreciated can be found here. We carry everything required of a first-class jewelry store.

DIAMONDS—Set and loose stones, ready for mounting. Rings of every description. Gold Pens, finest Cut Glass, Damask, fancy Lamps, silver-plated Holloware, solid gold jewelry, solid Silverware, and all kinds of novelties in Gold and Sterling Silver, and hundreds of other things. Presents for the most fastidious. Our Watches are the latest. We get them as fast as they appear on the market. I sell no imitations. In fact no goods are too good for us to sell. Try us. Come in and look, and let us get acquainted. We can do you good.

**F. J. YEAGER,**

No. 28 Second Street.

## HIGGINS & ELLIS.

We wish to say to the people of Richmond and Madison county and all other counties, that we now have a fine line of Staple and Fancy Groceries which we desire to furnish to our friends. We have Foreign and Domestic Canned Goods, such as Olives, Olive Oil, French Peas, Champignons, Peaches, Pears, Apricots, Pineapples, Tomatoes, Corn, &c.

**FRIED FRUITS**—California Evaporated Peaches, Peeled Peaches UNPRECEDENTEDLY CHEAP, Evaporated and Sun Dried Apples, California and Oregon Prunes, Layer Raisins, Seedless Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Citron, Mixed Nuts, Oatmeal, Hominy, Beans, &c.

Try our Maple Syrup. We also have a nice line of China, Queensware and Glassware. Call and examine our stock. We will take pleasure in showing goods whether you buy or not.

**HIGGINS & ELLIS.**

### The R. N. L. & B. Again.

Friday's Courier 2 a.m. is a tie for following concerning the recent purchase of the N. E. R. railroad, which is of special interest to our readers:

"Mr. W. J. Boland of the firm of Jacobson, Boland & Thompson, baristers of Toronto, is in the city in the interest of the Canadian and Liverpool interests which bought out the Richmond, Nicholasville, Irvine and Boobyville railroads. Messrs. Magan and Fraser, two members of the syndicate which purchased the road at the last sale, will arrive in the city today and the \$60,000 superannuated bond required before an appeal can be taken will be furnished the court either today or tomorrow. The R. N. L. & B. road will not be sold on December 3rd, you can rest assured," said Mr. Boland at the Louisville Hotel last night.

"We will furnish the bond to-morrow or next day. It is a peculiar condition which requires us to give a \$50,000 bond when we have already paid in \$60,000 on the purchase money. We could give a bond of \$50,000 in cash, but we already have \$50,000 tied up in bonds, which the court does not recognize, and we do not feel like paying in \$50,000 more in cash to get 2 per cent. per annum on it when we can invest the money pending the decision of the court and make 10 or 15 per cent. on it. We are prepared to give ten times \$50,000 bond if necessary, though, and will show those who have come into court and interred with the transfer of the property that if we do not get the property at the price we paid for it they will not get it for a good long time, certainly. It appears to me that the parties who have come in and made an additional bid are doing it with the hope of securing our syndicate, which has put about \$250,000 in timber lands bought by the R. N. L. & B. No one had the nerve to bid for the road until it became known that we had purchased the timber land. It was after we purchased the timber land that we bought the railroad. We took the railroad because we have an outlet for our timber. We have no fear for the outcome of our suit. We have already made a tentative contract for a large and if the road goes pass out of our hands, we will have other means of handling the timber."

"The 25,000 persons in Madison county who know JOE will recognize him by his original production. The other person who has not met him should go to JOE's and get acquainted and make the verdict unanimous that he is the best Confectioner, Restaurateur and all-around good fellow in Kentucky."—EDS. CLIMAX.

## Sounds Just Like Joe

JOE's Christmas to all.  
Old, young, large and small—  
Enjoy the dainties when you call—  
Give freely to the dear ones at home—  
Invite your friends, so you are not alone—  
Unfold the packages, "SO WELL KNOWN"—  
MER CONFECTIONS, you have bought from JOE—  
Cared upon the tables and the floor,  
Have all the best ones HAPPY, once more—  
I have the best money can buy,  
Guaranteed in quality and "that's no lie"—  
Look at the display, and then you will sigh—  
To win you may tease that dear Santa Claus' choice,  
After once seeing how complete our invoice  
Now offered, in a most grateful voice,  
I'm your friend, JOE, and I rejoice!

The 25,000 persons in Madison county who know JOE will recognize him by his original production. The other person who has not met him should go to JOE's and get acquainted and make the verdict unanimous that he is the best Confectioner, Restaurateur and all-around good fellow in Kentucky."—EDS. CLIMAX.

## Stop! Look and Listen!

To the entire community we extend cordial and earnest invitation to visit our store, where is displayed as large a stock of groceries as can be found in this city.

### FRESH FRUIT

Such as Apples, Pears, Oranges, Bananas, Grapes, etc., in greatest abundance and at prices that will astonish you.

We have the finest assortment of French and Sticky Candy ever displayed in Richmond and at prices cheaper than the cheapest.

Figs, Raisins and Citron.

In fact everything that can be found in a first-class grocery. We handle the best goods that can be purchased from the city markets.

## FIRE WORKS.

Our line of fire works is complete, having everything to please the children.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES of every description.

Oysters, Fish and Game.

If you want anything and can't come yourself, send one of your children. A child can buy as cheaply, promptly and safely at my store as a grown-up person can.

Give me a call before buying your Christmas supplies.

**Gus Margolen.**

### Christmas Eve in Dixie.

**S**ANTA CLAUS, dear friend of childhood and comfort of old age, well as he has been known for a long time in the north, still is a comparatively stranger in the south. Nevertheless, his spirit dwells in Dixie land, and the poor of that region have ample cause for remembering with gratitude every 25th of December. The artist who designed the landscape for our Christmas page presents a typical southern scene. Uncle Zeb, with the peculiar energy of his race, has not waited for Santa Claus to call on him, but early on Christmas eve has started out with a basket to collect offerings from "ole missus" and other white friends. The pliant description of the basket and his happy black face bear testimony that his quest has been a successful one and that he can.

### HER HERO GUEST.

**"Y**OU are waiting, aren't you?" "Waiting? Why not?" "The first speaker, a handsome man of 50, looked at the person he addressed, a young girl who stood at the bay window, apparently intent on watching the large flakes that came singly down and whitened the ground before the old-fashioned house which had been her home since birth.

A rich fire was burning at one end of the room and threw its light over her supple figure, and the clock which had ticked more than one generation of Hudsons in and out of the world still sent its musical tones throughout the room.

There was a strain of sadness in the man's eyes, but in the girl's there was hopefulness, not unminged with a little sorrow.

"Why, papa," she suddenly resumed, as she turned, "he said he would be here Christmas. You know Arnold never broke his promise."

"But the war, child! We know he went into the battle of Santiago—nothing more."

"I know," said the young girl. "I know that, papa. But there is the promise—the pledge."

"He did not seem to count the uncertainties of battle. That is it, Norah. Weeks and months have passed, and we have done everything to raise our hopes. The result has been terribly disappointing."

"Terribly," echoed the young girl.

She crossed the room and took a seat at the piano. As she sat, she turned her eyes to the clock which had ticked more than one generation of Hudsons in and out of the world still sent its musical tones throughout the room.

It was a plaintive ball the girl played, and it filled the old room with sadness, as it were. She was not interrupted, but continued till the last stanza had been heard, when she rose, and, holding her finger to her lips, walked quickly away.

"It's woman's way," said John Hudson. "I guess I will have to put up with it. That's what bothers me. There's Williams, as good a catch as there is in the market. So he goes to a dot, and I could make money in the firm. Will be here to-night."

"YOU ARE WAITING, YET, NORAH?" there's his telegram on the table. And Norah doesn't know it. She's like her mother; she won't cross me. By Jove! she knows better!"

He reached over and picked the telegram from the table and adjusted his glasses. Then he read aloud:

"John Hudson: Will come on 10:30 train and shall expect to have matter settled."

"Williams!"

Perhaps he read it more than once, but only one time aloud. It seemed to please him, for he smiled as he laid it down.

"Of course," said he, "Williams is a little older than Norah, but that doesn't cut any figures. Girls nowadays like their seniors. She'll like him, too—when she knows him better."

He thought of a young man who at the first call for volunteers in the Spanish war came to him and said he had decided to go. Arnold Brent, always brave, handsome and somewhat impulsive, thought his country needed him, and he had kept his word with a friend that he would enlist.

Brent was connected with the firm of Hudson & Shipley, brokers, but not in a very important capacity. John Hudson knew the young man's worth and had thought seriously of promoting him, for he had noticed the ties that existed between him and Norah; but the young man's enthusiasm had spoiled all that.

He simply said to the would-be hero that if he wanted to go he could have his desk back "after the war," shook hands with him, and entirely unconcerned, sent the regiment marching away, while the whole city went wild over its departure. That was John Brent all over—nothing moved him.

Just about the time Williams—Ole Williams—a man of mature years than Brent, came upon the field of action. He was a thorough business man, shrewd and not particularly scrupulous in his dealings when money was the object, but John Hudson did not particularly object to this.

In Norah's heart there was a sorrow when the boys went away, but she had fought her tooth with Brent, and he told her laughingly that Christmas would see him back, for the war would end by that time, and they could plan for a happy future.

Soon after the regiment marched came Santiago.

Thrown into the front in the charge upon San Juan hill, the war was terribly devastating. The boys were in the open, the Manners in the bushes.

At first messenger reports of the battle: stories of the gallant charge of the—th, but very little about the death roll, though it was said to have been large.

The city waited, hearts grew sick as they rolled by without much additional news. Norah Hudson was not the only one who waited under the strain. As for her father, he was rising and falling, and this interested him more than stories of battle and death.

At last came the most terrible of all tidings, for there is something more terrible than death on the battlefield.

Arnold Brent was missing! Comrades knew that he had gone into the battle, they had seen him charging up the hill; they had seen him in the foremost rank, but he had not answered to roll call. There had been but few missing, very few; but Brent was among the missing.

Then came the waiting, the days of painful hope while the army and navy were winning victories on other fields and at sea. John Hudson's face assumed a morose aspect, for there is something more terrible than death on the battlefield.

Some one laughed. John Hudson looked at his child, over whose face had come a singular look, and caught her eye.

"It doesn't seem to be Williams, after all," he said, testily. "I can't have soldiers here—soldiers, child, and besides, you must be irritated by their stories of the war."

But Norah Hudson did not hear the last words. Her hand was at the knob; she tore the door open and uttered a sharp cry.

"Hug it, it is not Williams," growled John Hudson. "It's another report from Cuba."

"It is Arnold!" was the response, and then the broker saw his daughter in some one's arms.

He walked over to the table and snatched up the telegram. His face grew dark and the next moment he had buried the telegram into the fire.

"I am a long time keeping my promise," he heard a voice say. "I have been delirious; I even lost my name in the wilds of Cuba. I have been the inmate of a Cuban jail back of Santiago for months, till I finally came back to myself. I am Arnold Brent, one of the missing men of San Juan hill, and this is Christmas."

"The doctor at it!" cried John Hudson. "Norah said you would come back Christmas. You are here, child. Mine has come."

He stalked from the room, the shadows of the reunited falling softly on the carpet and the old clock striking the half hour in the first night.

As he walked out in the wintry wind to cool his blood a boy sprang upon the porch and thrust a telegram into his hand. Hudson went back to the light and tore it open.

"John Hudson: Train delayed. Can't get to-night. You may hear of Brent before long."

Williams! The broker crumpled the telegram in his hand and looked at the couple in the fire light.

"You're lost, Williams," said he. "This Christmas night belongs to the girl who has waited. Her quest shall be John Hudson's."

And he smiled as he left the lovers alone. "C. H. BRAUGH."

**His Possession.** Bridge—Christmas time makes me feel as if I would like to share my all with my beloved one.

Griggs—I suppose you refer to your feelings.

Brooklyn Life.

**Great Expectations.** "What do you expect for Christmas?" "All my wife's folks."—Chicago Record.

### "Yes, Mr. Williams."

"I did not know—" "I hardly thought it necessary to tell you," interrupted Hudson. "His telegram is lying on the table yonder. He comes for our answer, you know."

"For what answer?" "Perhaps Norah handled the worst, for she seemed to shrink within herself. Her face paled a little and her hand fell suddenly from her father's shoulder."

"He has come for his wife," continued John Hudson, in tones which appeared to tell her bitterly he could strike the last feature before him.

"For me?" "Come, don't faint now. You must have suspected it for weeks. Be a true Hudson, girl. There's business as well as love in this transaction. I take him into the firm, make him partner, you see, and the profits will stay within the family."

What did Norah care for all this? What did she care for the fact that her heart had been so long at Santiago?

She did not answer her father, but turned toward the door and waited.

"It's Williams! I know it!" exclaimed Hudson. "Come, brighten up, Norah."

Thrown into the front in the charge upon San Juan hill, the war was terribly devastating. The boys were in the open, the Manners in the bushes.

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**S. NEVILLE MOBERLEY,**

Successor to J. S. Collins.

21-NIGHT PHONE 23-33

Ask the Good Housewife  
If She Doesn't Use.....

## ...Zaring's Patent Flour

For her Christmas Cakes  
and Rolls---Purest Cheapest, Best.....

**J. W. Zaring Grain & Mill Co., Richmond, Ky.**

ONLY AN OPPORTUNITY  
A MATCH  
Needed To Have Caused A  
Terrible Conflagration  
Yesterday

A frightful conflagration was narrowly averted at Coleman Neff's place at the R. N. I. & B. depot yesterday, where is stored thousands of bushels of the Pine Knot coal, and fed at the lowest prices. Call up

**COLEMAN NEFF,**

Telephone 31.

DR. CALDWELL'S  
**SYRUP PEPSIN**  
CURES INDIGESTION.

To get notions at unusually low prices is now presented to you. Rather than move my store I will sell my beautiful  
**LINE OF HANDKERCHIEFS & C.**  
at a price that will surprise you. Call at my place of business, next door to State Bank & Trust Co., and examine my stock. Will move in to the Bright building over D. P. Amer's jewelry store Jan. 1, where you are cordially invited to call on me for everything in the way of hats, notions &c.  
**MISS TEMPIE OLDHAM.**

## HERE'S TO YOU, MY BROTHER.

FRIEND, and I love him. God bless him above him. We were late the time I speak of. As we went to the bank we saw him. The frost that chills the branches of life's tree.

We wandered in the mountains. And we played beneath the fountains. That tumbled down the overhanging steep. And the woods and hills were ringing. With our happy shouts and singing.

But those years succeeding morrows brought care, and age, and sorrow. And the struggle life alone to earn: me; They are mountains that divide us. And the fountain of desire us. When we seek to bring dear boyhood back again.

But the years have come unceasing. Bringing joy, and care, increasing. And there's compensation, sweet, within it all.

For love from loved ones found us. And that I still delight myself in. As a vine-clad, safe and flower-covered hill. So here's to you, my brother; Though far from one another. Let us drain the cup of good will from the rim. And thank dear God above us. That around are those who love us. While we also, again, a cheering Christmas hymn.

**WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VIBSCHER.**

## Roxy's Christmas Check

AUNT Mary was the fairy god-mother of the Follies, and she lived in an eastern city and was rich. The Follies lived out West and were poor. Aunt Mary had adopted the plan of sending them a check every Christmas, investing the money in the stock of each new baby. She would also occasionally send a box containing wearing apparel, which Mamma Follies, with a genius for that kind of work, would make over for herself and the children.

One day there came a box of stuff, and among it was a velvet cloak Aunt Mary said she had had but lost one, and she would like to like it she sent it along. The stuff was all piled upon the table with the younger children came in a bunch. Roxy helped carry the articles away and she set down to look at them. Having finished she found on the floor a breakfast. She did not connect it in any way with the things from Aunt Mary, nor did she think it was of any value. The metal was dull and the stone looked like a common piece of glass. Roxy thought it would make a good pin for her favorite doll, and in this way it was used for nearly two months, no one taking any notice of it or thinking it was worth caring for.

The letter that came with the box contained bad news. Aunt Mary and that uncle had been having business troubles, and it was doubtful if she could send the usual check for the coming Christmas. This was a blow to the hopes of the Follies children, for Aunt Mary's Christmas check was about the only great pleasure they ever had.

Here enough, about a week before the great event a letter came from Aunt Mary, confirming the fear that she could not give the usual present, and added that she felt particularly poor over the loss of a valuable memento. This did not suggest anything to Roxy until she went to play with her doll, and then she formed a connection between the pin her aunt had written about and the one which had been lying so carelessly about the house. But it did not occur to her to write her aunt a letter, saying how sorry she was to send the pin she had found. She did this, and a few days afterward there was great excitement in the Follies household. Another letter had come from Aunt Mary, and in it was the usual check.

Roxy was the heroine of the day, and it was all joy and gladness where it had been sorrow and disappointment. Aunt Mary said the pin Roxy had sent was the one she had lost, and that it must have been in some way fastened to the velvet cloak. Anyway, getting it again had made her feel the usual Christmas check, everybody was happy.

## DISTRESSINGLY HARD TIMES.

Brown—You mustn't feel disappointed this Christmas, Johnnie. These are terrible times we're having.

Little Johnnie—They must be pretty hard, dad, when Santa Claus takes the trouble to drag my old sled out of the garage and give it a new coat of paint.—N. Y. World.

Bobby's Improvement.  
"Now, Bobby, you write a list of the toys you want, and we will send it up the chimney to dear old Santa Claus."

"Oh, mamma; let me send him a list of the things I don't want."—Detroit Free Press.

The Proposition.  
"It is a rule, somewhat severe. There's just one month of Christmas cheer. And eleven of economy."—Washington Post.

## An Estimable Burglar.

MRS. JENKS had an economical fit. She had done occasionally, and when she did she always had all of her old gowns made over, whether she needed them or not, and collected her husband's half-worn boots in readiness for a rainy day. It was too bad that she should have this particular spell just at Christmas time, her husband thought, and when he had made that lucky investment and wanted to give her the robes the Christmas of their lives. He mentioned this desire, only to be met with a pathetic reminder that if he did such things they must spend their declining years in the poorhouse. She often spoke of this possibility when she had the fit, and sometimes she said it by picturing them both dead and the ladies in the poorhouse. That always brought her husband to tears.

"But we must have some Christmas," he said. "The better of them ever this year, and my prospects."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Jeff, dear; if you must give me a present, let it be a diamond," she wrote replied, magnanimously. "I could sell that, you know, if we ever get very poor. Diamonds are always good. And do let me select the setting; I am very particular about settings, and if the setting was good it would sell for more than the loose stone and the bonds would pay interest and the house burned down."

"Very true. Then I shall buy the loveliest set."

"No, indeed, you won't. I have gone over all the last year's top—they're getting a lot."

"All right, then."

"It must be burglars."

They by now—now and then, and I have dressed two small dolls which will do quite nicely. Now, don't look that way, Jeff, dear! The poor little McCarthys around the corner will be working at it. If we did in the poorhouse the ladies—"

"Yes, yes," her husband broke in, hastily. "All right, then."

He had another lucky stroke in the interval before Christmas, and on Christmas eve he could stand it no longer. He went out and bought recklessly, determined to give his children a Christmas which would demolish their infantile standards.

It was 11 o'clock when he let himself softly in and slipped a large package into the dark and quiet parlor. Then he went into the sitting-room. His wife was there, with the children's toys spread out. There was anxiety in her eyes, but she strove to be calm.

"They do look sort of poor, don't they?" I must get it for the little McCarthys."

"My husband replied, 'Say, Ethel, I'm hungry. I think I'll go and investigate the pantry. Hello! that's a fine package, isn't it?'"

It was, and if her parents had ever found any weakness in her lungs it was dispelled now.

When Mrs. Jenks came downstairs, 15 minutes later, her husband was hunting, rather nervously, in the potato bin. "I was looking for a piece of cold chicken," he said.

"I think you will be more likely to find it in the pantry," he wrote replied. "I believe I felt a draught as I came past the sitting-room door. Did you open the window? No! Then it must be burglars! Quick, hide in the coal cellar! Maybe—"

"And the ladies!"

Mrs. Jenks was upstairs almost before her husband, though somehow he got into the sitting-room first. "I'll stay out here and protect the babies!"

The window was up and everything save the toys was untouched—they had vanished. Mrs. Jenks began to cry. "Oh, my poor babies!" she cried. "No Christmas at all, any more than the little McCarthys! We'll never get anything for them!"

"Goodness me, I forgot!" cried her husband. "The fact is, that I did get a few things for them today!" and he brought them out.

"Oh, Jeff, all these! If we end in the poorhouse—"

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